

Master of Time 100

Chapter 100 Ghost Tales

Using the company provided car, Lexi Lester takes me and Sandra to the estate for inspection.

And on the way there, Lexi asks us some personal questions as well as some casual ones.

Making conversations is a way of warming up to us, as we are her client.

Lexi does get commission on every house she has sold, and she has sold quite a few, netting her a very healthy bank account with Chrono Reserves. She actually a millionaire despite her young age. And she spends lavishly too, buying expensive clothing and partying every night or so.

While those things shouldn't cause any red flag since there are plenty of geniuses out there in America with the same lifestyles, what does is why do some clients simply donate her a large sum of cash out of the blue.

The numerous questionable transactions in her bank account, especially the ones when she was still in high school, has brought her to my attention. No one in their right mind would donate \$100,000 to a teenager and let her spends it all within a week.

With a little digging, Lexi is one of those super babies. Sadly, her ability doesn't make her any smarter, so she drops out of high school when she was just fifteen. Her parents are unable to refuse her.

No one can.

Sandra is happy to answer Lexi's questions while being under the influence of her power. Despite that, Sandra constantly wraps her hands and arms around mine, and I am happy to be her manly support.

Sandra is currently my wife, Mrs. Maxwell.

I hope my real wife, Margaret Maxwell doesn't mind. Oh wait, she doesn't exist.

Does that mean I can get marry again, legally? Heh.

That is not on my list of things to do. I am more or less happy where I currently am, tangling with quite a lot of beauties from multiple worlds and realities.

Sandra probably wants to settle down one day if we continue our intimate relationship, so that will be a very long conversation, full of crying and what is not.

Oh boy...

I did promise to not break her heart, so I will have to think of good explanation fast. Well, I am working on one. Several, actually. One for each person in my harem. Not all of them needs one, however, such as Allison and Eliana.

Speaking of harem, it is about to grow by one more member.

Gotta catch 'em all!

"What about you, Mr. Maxwell? Where were you born?"

Lexi asks once she learns all she can from Sandra.

Lexi is curious to why her ability doesn't work on me. It is because the nanomachines in my blood filter out the chemical before it has the chance to invade my brain and make me subservient.

"Oh? I am just nobody, Miss Lester. You don't need to know about me."

I response and continue patting Sandra gently. A smile is on my face.

Lexi narrows her eyes on the back mirror before returning her attention to the front. She didn't speak up again until the car pulls into a decorative driveway.

The heavy iron gate automatically opens on the car's approach, showing it has been built to modern standards.

1990s standard I mean.

Sandra and I stare out the window, finding the place quite enormous, which does beg the question as to why the price tag is so low. Well, it is not so low that normal couple could afford it.

This 40,000 square feet house would have cost north of 4 million dollars, so why is its asking price only 1.85 million?

"Honey, what do you think?"

I ask once I help Sandra out of the car. She has a look around the front of the house, finding the garden and pool to be fairly excessive. She previously lived in a one-bedroom apartment alone.

While I accompany Sandra, I feel as if someone or something watching me – us.

Selene tells me that there is no one watching us, at least no one human. There are quite a lot of critters loitering around the bushes and trees.

Shield Surveillance Network has never been compromised before, but I still have this strange feeling that I simply couldn't just dismiss.

"If you have kids in the future, Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell. I am sure they will love the pool and the garden. There is also a tennis court at the back, but you can remodel it to whatever suits you. Once you have a look outside, please come inside."

Lexi speaks up after she opens the door.

The suggestion has brought a smile to Sandra. She knows all about Antigone, but she has never played with my daughter before.

And judging from her smile, she does want to have kids. Well, from the original timelines, Sandra does have kids. Adopted kids, but still her kids.

If Sandra and I were married – what the hell am I thinking about?

There is a coldness washing over me when I enter the house with Sandra.

It feels quite unnatural in a sense, as there is no visible airflow in the corridor. None of the windows I could see are opened. I actually shiver a little, which shouldn't happen.

My body is always kept at optimal temperature even in the void of space.

"It is chilling in here."

Sandra rubs her arms to warm up despite the room is at constant 23 degree Celsius. The chillness that she has felt soon passed. She did look at me when I give her an embrace, just to warm her up.

"I thought it was only me. The other clients said the same thing too."

Lexi points out and heads into the closest rooms. She seems to be in a hurry, probably wanting to get of here as soon as possible.

And by other clients, Lexi means clients of her colleagues.

If it was her clients, she probably has sold this place to them a long time ago.

Despite the constant price slashes, no one has brought this house after so many years. And those that do, immediately tries to resell the house as soon as possible.

Most of the renovation are done in order to sell the house, even at a loss.

It is as if the house is haunted or something.

I chuckle at that while following Sandra into the room. Lexi is there, opening the blinds to let the light inside. The current owners never drop by the place anymore.

It is a living room, and it is very large. I swear the room could fit an entire concert band inside.

There is a nice fireplace at the far side of the wall, so if Sandra brought this place, we could enjoy each other's company in front of a fireplace.

While Lexi explains about the room, bringing Sandra under her charm again, I ask Selene if there is any media relates to the house.

Selene immediately displays several newspaper clippings and videos for me to see. Even the gruesome sights in the clippings and videos, I didn't feel any chillness or anything of the sort.

I have seen a lot worst, mostly at my hands.

While the house is probably not haunted, families did die here under the most unusual circumstances many years ago. No one survives the accidents, however.

The police are stumped, and since Shield Surveillance Network hasn't been fully operational back then, I couldn't see anything that happened inside the house. I could only see outside of the house. Nothing strange stands out though.

" ... "

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I look around as if I heard something. That is weird.

Lexi shows us the kitchen next, and Sandra takes in her every word like she couldn't help herself while I look around and checking the ovens and the cupboards.

Everything is spotless, far too spotless. There usually some kind of dusts here and there, considering how long it has been since people were here.

"Did someone clean the place?"

I question. I did find quite a lot of stains with black light filter, so whoever clean the place probably did not use detergent.

"I don't know, Mr. Maxwell. Perhaps. Please come this way. I want to show you the study room."

All three of us pass the stairway to the upper floor before something caught in the corner of my eyes, just briefly. I snap towards that direction, but I am unable to find anything. Even replaying the recorded video does not give me anything.

"Mr... my love, is there something wrong?"

Sandra questions. I look at her and chuckle.

"Nope. It is nothing. My eyes are probably playing trick on me. You can go with Miss Lester and check the study room, honey. I need to do some business. Male business."

I wink at her and look for the toilet.

Obviously, my eyes are not playing trick on me. I know what I have saw.

And once Sandra and Lexi head off to the study room down the hallway, I return to the stairway. There is that strange sound again.

" ... "

It comes and goes, but no one seem to hear it except me, even Selene. I can hear multiple frequencies, including radio frequencies, but the sound is not recorded on any of the channels.

This is fucking weird. It couldn't be haunted, could it? I don't fucking believe in ghost. Everything can be explained by science, govern by rules and logics. Even magic itself!

I head up there and find an empty corridor, marked with doors. Doors are closed tight. I check a few, finding them to be locked. I head all the way to the end of the corridor to find a room.

Coldness pierces through my body again, causing me to shiver almost uncontrollably. Selene couldn't detect anything wrong with me, at least biologically.

" ... "

What is this feeling? It is somewhat familiar.

It did take a while for me realize what I am feeling – spiritual energy.

But unlike the spiritual energy released from a Dragon God, this is exceedingly weak and isn't directed at anyone. It is also full of intentions, and it is not the good kind either.

The malicious energy just lingers in the air, causing people to feel chillness down their spine. But once I realise what it was, the chillness just goes away.

It is as if my spirit is now actively defending against it. That is a good thing.

I look around the room and then out the windows, looking at the backyard. There are a couple of kids snooping around the garden outside, playing and laughing. They are a young girl and boy. Their clothes are pretty old style.

"Mr. Maxwell. Why don't you join your wife in the study room?"

Lexi requests when she enters the room. Sandra is not with her, but the surveillance cameras tell me where Sandra is at the moment. She is sitting alone in the study room as if someone has told her too.

I turn around to face Lexi as she approaches the windows. I didn't notice her approach since I was too busy staring out the window. That shouldn't be. I am very aware of my surroundings.

More than 10 minutes has passed when I check the internal clock. A lapse in memory!?

Selene replays what I saw in fast forwards mode – nothing. She didn't record anything but an empty garden. There are no sounds of children recorded either. It is as if I just stood there and stare out the window like a creep.

Lexi looks outside briefly before facing me again.

"What are you looking at, Mr. Maxwell?"

I chuckle. This day just got a lot better.

"I see dead people, Miss Lester."